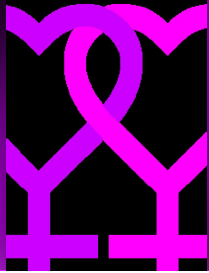




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## Forbidden



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### Chapter 1 by Meggy

14, 32, 09... I quickly opened my locker, I was late, class had started 10 minutes ago. I just started my junior year, but I was allowed to move up a grade in English. I love to write, especially fan-fiction. I ambled to English, I was already late and was ahead of most of the students in my class, 15 minutes lost wouldn't hurt. "Piper Montana," Ms. Krumbur publicized. "Sorry, Ms. Krumbur," I apologized. Ms. Krumbur was agitated this morning for who knows what, it didn't matter to me, I couldn't help anything. Ms. Krumbur turned to face the board and wrote 3 words on the board: La douleur exquise. "Does anyone know what this phrase means?". Ms. Krumbur turned to face me expecting me to know. Although I knew almost every word, she was stumped. This obviously couldn't have been english. Sam raised her hand, Sam was the most beautiful woman I could have ever seen. Of course, you wouldn't know that just by looking at her, she wasn't the beautiful many would understand.

Sam had short dark brown hair not even reaching her shoulders. She never wore make-up and never cared about her fashion. She was still beautiful, she always cared about others, helped them, talked to them, **talked to me!** Why is that a big deal, it's because I love her. But it can't be, she's not lesbian. "I know what it means..." Sam announced in her usual soft voice. "It means the

heartbreaking pain of wanting someone you can't have," she answered. I looked at her with eyes of agony. This was my love story.

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Chapter 2 by Florentine

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English past by as if the clock had forgotten about first period. We had discussed Shakapear and Romeo and Juliet, our next section.

As I walked down the aisle Sam, not seeing me behind her, collided with me causing both of us to loose hold of the things of in our hands.

Sam turned around to apologize, took one look at me, and quickly grabbed her things and raced out of the class at top speed.

No matter how much I loved her I knew she would never love me back.

It was impossible for her to love me, not after the events of last year.

### Chapter 3 by Florenceia



I loathed her, abhorred her that year, In my eyes she was flawless and amazing and I hated her for it. I would go out of my way to make life difficult for her. I would trip her, ignore her when she was talking to me, pick on her.

When summer came my jealousy consumed me. I watched her everyday. I would follow her around, making sure she never saw me.

As the summer came to a close the jealousy that I held in my heart changed. It grew into love for her. Everyday I would convinced myself I hated her, but deep down inside I knew I loved her more than anything else.

### Chapter 4 by The Coffee Freak



And on the third to last day of summer, I saw her. I wasn't stalking her this time, but I saw her at *Starbucks* she was there all alone, working on some of the school work, no doubt. It took all my courage and then some. I took a deep breath and approached her table.

"Hi, Sam." I smiled at her.

"Oh, Hi Piper. What's up?" She looked up from her laptop.

*Okay, moment of truth, now or never.* I thought.

"I was wondering if, you wanted to, um... hang out tomorrow." I tried to hide the blush that was forming on my cheeks.

"Okay, I don't have any plans. Where do you want to meet?" She smiled back at me. My heart

was racing.

*Okay, don't screw this up.*

"How about Subway?" I shrugged, just blurted it out.

"Sure, I'll see you at noon." She smiled and I spent the next few hours picking out an outfit,

and practicing what I would say. And when the time came, I thought I was ready. But nothing

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could prepare me for the reaction she gave. We ordered, I payed and we sat side by side.

"So, Sam. There's something I've been wanting to tell you."

"What?" She looked at me.

"I, um, wanted to tell you," I took a breath, "That I like you." She bit her lip.

"Piper, I'm not lesbian. I'm actually a little bit homophobic. I- I'm sorry, I should go." She nearly jumped out of her seat and ran from the building. I just sat there, for hours, crying, until they kicked me out. I was so stupid back then. I'm still stupid now.

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